

*Musarum plangores:*  
Vpon the death of the right Honou-  
rable, Sir Christopher Hatton, Knight, &c.



Lock on apace you troupes of saddest wights,  
Flie fast vnto repining Sorrowes Cell,  
Banish your ioyes, abandon all delights,  
And count each pleasing moment for a hell.  
For he that late did moue your sweete content,  
Euen now his chiefest fire of life hath spent.

*Muses* come mourne, come gentle *Muses* weepe,  
Wayle you the want of such an *English* Peere:  
Whose vertues might vpraye from deadly sleepe,  
The Ghoasts of Poets buried many a yeere.  
Whose ceaseles moanes might pearce the azurd skies,  
And fill fayre *Albion* with their wofuill cries.

Perisht is the roote from whence such branches sprang,  
Dimd is the light that glistered like the Sunne,  
Whose worthy decdes to euery Region rang,  
And hath ere since his Honour first begunne.  
Then you that lou'd the Lord that gaue the *HINDE*,  
Breathe foorth the sorrowes of your mournful minde.

*Princeps.*

Sorrow is seal'd vpon our Pallace gate,  
And *Heauinesse* with discontented steps,  
Hath chosen *Sighs* to be his carefull mate,  
whereby our heart with inward passions leaps.  
How can the *Members* then but be distrest,  
When as the *Head* so highly is opprest?

Our *Cedar* stock hath lost a liuely branch,  
And *Death* the huntf-man of our humane race,  
His fierce and egre appetite to stanch,  
In ranging through our Forrest *Syluane* chace,

B

Hath

## *Musarum plangores.*

Hath slayne the spotles *HIND E* with cruell spight,  
In whome his Prince reposde a chiefe delight.

*Syluanes* approach with mournfull melodie,  
And wooddy Nymphs, that sit in spreading bowres:  
With brackish teares commix your harmanie,  
To wayle with me both minutes, months, and howres.  
For we haue lost that nothing can amend:  
A faythfull subiect and a loyall friend.

## *Primates.*

**V**Pon the Sea, in threatning winters frowne,  
When rising billowes struggle with the winde:  
What sooner casts the Sea-mans courage downe,  
Then want of him their Pilot was assignde?  
Such may we call misfortune of our state,  
Depriu'd the counsell of a worthy mate.

If brothers doo lament a brothers death,  
And Nature ioyne the Parent to deplore  
His tender sonne, bereft of vitall breath:  
If for their young the sauage beasts will rore,  
Then Reason, Nature, dutie knit in one,  
For our graue friend inioyneth vs to mone.

The grace he got by vertue to arise,  
Was gouerned with such an humble minde;  
As none his Honours titles could despise,  
Or for his fauour any grudging finde:  
Such name his wisdome alwayes sought to haue,  
Loued he liu'd, and honoured to his graue.

## *Populus.*

**B**lack Sorrowes night with dismall pitchie cloudes,  
Hath chast the comfort of the day from hence,  
Within a hollow toombe our Solace shrowds,  
And Desolation burieth our defence.



## *Musarum plangores.*

For which in teares, in sighes, in harts distresse,  
We now are forst to shew our heauinesse.

Our cries were heard, our prayers found remorse,  
Our helpe stood not on lingering delay,  
Pitie in him retaynd a greater force,

And Iustice walkt in *Vertues* perfect way:  
Nor meede, nor friendship euer could auayle  
To make our iust and noble Patron quayle.

Why ist not graunted of deuiner powers,  
That such as best maintaines their sacred lawes,  
Should haue the longest dayes and happiest howers,  
Where honour springs by vertues worthie cause?  
But all things precious and of purest price  
Forsakes the earth, to dwell aboute the skyes.

## *Musarum plangores.*

### *Melpomene.*

**N**Ot from the sea (though salt doth hide my brest)  
But from a flood of teares, bankt in with grieve,  
Whereas the black-foot *Rauen* sought for rest,  
I come to menace moane without reliefe:  
My pen is *Ebon*, and my paper earth,  
Where I must write of honours endles dearth.

My palled face, my eylids hung with lead,  
The Arches hollow, like the chalkie cliffes,  
My teeth that chatters ecchoes from the dead,  
Forst by their sighes that through their sorrow whiffes,  
Shewes that some noble Lord hath left this land,  
Whose honourd graces, multiplied with sand.

Of earths more tarter is my body made,  
Of waters scumme or daynd to tragick tale:

## *Musarum plangores.*

Yet were I harsher, his faire flowering fade  
Would make my fullen nature couch and quaille.  
And so my tragick *Muse* shall sit and write,  
The wasting woe the Commons shall indite,

### *Polihymnia.*

Cease prowd vayn glorious birds, and buzzing windes,  
My Rethorick shall perswade me more to sing:  
But neasts of *Hornets* from the rotten rindes,  
A harsher murmur to my sorrow bring.  
For from the groaues (inchaunted now with care)  
The *HINDE* is wandred: ill the flock doo fare.

The tongue of *Time* doth sightles glyde away,  
And carieth *Ennui* with his swift-foot course,  
His spightfull Date hath brought before the day,  
An end to Honour (fell without remorse)  
My Rethorick now shall be to ridgie rocks,  
Where *Ruine* feedes in stead of quiet flocks.

The quill I lately pluckt from *Hermes* wing  
Shall write my groaning playnt vnto the skye,  
There shall the *Throni* with their Censors sing,  
His Noblesse and his Honours victory.  
And with this pen the burthen I will beare,  
That all may know how heauen his prayse doth reare.

### *Calliope.*

NOW *Phæbus* Altars crack with rotten weedes,  
None bringeth spices from the *Phœnix* nest:  
Who discontented with those choaking feedes,  
Brings floods of teares to drowne that noysome Feast.  
His browes as smooth, as was his *Iuory* Lute,  
Sends lookes for frownings with a swift pursue.

This makes me cast my *Musick* to the ground,  
And send *Musam* back againe to hell,

The



## *Musarum plangores.*

The nights sad Prophet makes me pleasant sound,  
And breedes desire within a caue to dwell:  
For all my Sisters drop their teares like showers,  
And leaue the pleasure of *Idalian* bowers.

Of round *Cayister* quills Ile make a pipe,  
And sing the *Swannes* last song vpon this hill:  
For Death doth Honour with his tallants gripe  
And with his blasting breath the *Bay* doth spill.  
Hereafter what I write shall be in praise  
Of him, his bountie and his vertuous dayes.

### *Clio.*

**M**Y ancient bookes of grauen monumentes  
Are claspt for euer vp with dustie leaues,  
For in the margent lyes my discontents,  
How Fate and Death of Honour me bereaues,  
Ile change my late Historicall intent,  
To write with them whose groanes to clay are sent.

Yet first Ile turne my Pen vnto a Spade,  
And chuse the entrayles of the purest mould,  
Where when I see this noble Lord is layd,  
Ile write the rest my Sisters leaue vntould:  
The ground shall be embalm'd with *Muses* breath,  
Whose vertue purgeth all contagious earth.

Then shall my Sisters daunce about his Toombe,  
And with their feete shall make a wreath of flowers:  
So shall his Coarse be stucke with vertuous bloome,  
Shall make the ground smell like perfumed bowers,  
And of these flowers I will Garlands make,  
And euer weare them for his noble sake.

### *Thalia.*

**S**Vrceasing pastime of my comick pen,  
Ile tune my laughter vnto lowd exclaymes

## *Musarum plangores.*

And tragick teares the floods of sorrowing men,  
Doo seeke to quench the fire that honour flames.  
My labouring hand doth let my tongue preuaile,  
To treat of sorrow when my mirth doth faile.

Ile set my breast to *Lacus dulcis* streame,  
And swim vnto *Elisean* lillie field,  
And in *Ambrosian* trees Ile write a Theame,  
Of all his deedes that Honour hath vpheld:  
My dwelling is too full of mirth and glee,  
To write the Poëms of a Tragedie.

To all the Poets that inhabite there,  
Hauing their wits refine with heauenly ayre,  
By me his gifts of wisdom shall appeare,  
And they shall sing them to the highest fayre:  
Then turning backe from whence I came agayne,  
Ile write of that which hath my pleasure slayne.

### *Euterpe.*

THE Northerne Hunter blowes his ycie Horne,  
And bids me lay aside my windie sound,  
And blackfast stormes out-braue the rosie morne,  
And makes her looke as heauie as the ground:  
So like the noyce of frost and rayne together,  
My euill sounding Musick tunes with wether.

Stiffe are my fingers like a Marble stone,  
Vnfit to mooue a warbling instrument:  
My tawnie skinne is shriueled to the bone,  
As if my senceles Senses did lament,  
The silent tale with dumbe deliuerance,  
The passion of some heauie dire mischance.

My tongue incorporate with my scalding rooffe,  
Feares to report the fayling of my hand,



## *Musarum plangores.*

My sorrowing playmates shrink, and kepe a loofe,  
As if a darth did couer all the land:  
No darth, because it is not barren brought,  
But yet the fruit is cropt which deare I bought.

### *Tarpsicore.*

**M**Y Harp is strung with stretching *Sorrowes* strings,  
And Death hath tunde it with his knobbie bones,  
A solemne dump, the Musick that it ringes,  
Linked in Consort with deepe fetched groanes.  
For with my Sisters in a *Cipres* bower,  
My Blisse is Bale, my Sweete tormenting Sower.

The Summers season with her fresh attyre,  
That alwayes vsde t'muite me to her Pallace:  
Where *Nightingales* did make a pleasant Quiere,  
With sundry Lays to cause their Soueraignes Solace;  
Is nipt with Winter, and her pride is lost,  
My fingers stiffe, my senses numbd with Frost.

The prospect that appeareth to my eyes,  
Are wringing handes of such that are forlorne:  
My eares are fild with Ecchoes double cries,  
Proceeding from vnconstant Fortunes scorne.  
Thus are my Eyes, my Eares, my Hand and Heart,  
Made thrall to *Sorrowes* neuer dying smart.

### *Erato.*

**I** That did measure haughty Towers tops,  
And tooke the compasse of the largest ground,  
My *Sorrowes* headlong course no Reason stoppes,  
And infinite mine agonies abound.  
For that proportion nature ritchly framde,  
By Death dissolue'd doth make the *Graces* blam'd.

The numbers that adorn'd my sacred skill,  
Are now become Decrees of waxing Woe:

My

## *Musarum plangores.*

My studie is distresse, my bookes doo kill,  
And contemplation maketh dolours growe,  
Because the substance that I wisht to saue,  
Hath his dimension in a fenceles graue.

But since the *Destinies* haue been seuered  
To rob the earth of her assur'd delight,  
He finde a place deuoyd of deadly feare,  
To measure out a mansion farre more bright,  
Where free from harmes, or any foule annoy,  
This *Potentate* shall haue eternall ioy.

## *Urania.*

Glue me (at last fayre Sisters) leaue to speake,  
Me thinkes you should not wilfully repine,  
Or with extremities your dueties breake,  
When as the glorie and the gayne is mine:  
It grieues not me, when ought accords your will,  
Your ouerflowing mirth, my ioyes doth fill.

Draw in your teares and let your sighes surcease,  
Exile exclaymings from your drouping harts:  
For with his death his Honours doth increase.  
And though the earth contaynes his humane parts,  
Yet shall his soule made pure with heauenly ayre,  
Receiue the guerdon of his vertuous care.

The starres bright eye shall guide his happie feete,  
The sunne of gladnes shine vpon his face,  
The glorious Planets where so ere they meete,  
Within their shining armes his soule embrace.  
So that although his mortall dayes doo wayne,  
Dispayre not Sisters greater is his gayne.

*F I N I S. R. Ihonson. Sa:*



